

# FACTS AND FANCIES FOR WOMAN AND THE HOME CIRCLE

## THE DAILY SHORT STORY

### MAZIE DREAMS TRUE

By LINCOLN ROTHBLUM.  
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REAMING of unlimited wealth is a very fascinating form of diversion for the average body. Even as little children, games founded on the theme, "You know what I'd do if I had a trillion million dollars," always seemed the most fun. What wonderful times we could have and what wonderful things we could do as we simply drew at will upon imaginary and unlimited sources of treasure!

But different desires foster thoughts of this pocketbook eternally full. Some dream of a wardrobe permitting a new garment each day; others of the power coincident with high social position; while some aspire to help those less fortunate. With Mazie Sloan, however, it was neither a case of style, society, nor sympathy.

Forced by the precarious earnings of a rheumatic father to increase the family revenue, she had been obliged at the age of fourteen to regard the elementary grades as a fitting limit of education and she had accordingly nipped a great desire to attend high school before the bud had had an opportunity to bloom forth into the flower of decision. An innate dislike for the drudgery of manual labor helped to make attendance at night school less burdensome and it surely seemed a step forward as she diffidently entered the offices of Franklin & Co. to apply for the position as stenographer. The very sign on the door, "Stocks and Bonds" seemed to spell realization of her dreams.

For Mazie Sloan dreamt of comfort—comfort in every sense of the word—"Wouldn't it be great to sleep as long as you wanted to," she thought as six o'clock every morning found her trying to lace her shoes with eyes half closed. "Wouldn't it be grand not to have to wash dishes," accompanied the scouring of greasy pots. "Wouldn't it be nice to have a laundress do your stuff," made the work lighter as knuckles reddened on the ridges of the scrubbing board.

Mazie brushed the front of her shiny skirt of blue serge. She hoped the ripped seam where she had sewed it with black thread would not be noticed. She did want that position with the many additional comforts the larger income would bring. Already she had figured out what she would do with the extra hour at the evening. To be through at five o'clock! Not to get down to work until eight! "Mr. Franklin will see you now," announced a girl at the switchboard, and Mazie came back to earth. Again the skirt was hitched up at the belt and a quick touch assured her that the needed seam was invisible.

"Sit right down," invited her prospective employer, and as he glanced at the card of introduction from the agency, added, "Miss Sloan."

Mazie clasped her hands very tightly to see if she could feel them. The walk across the velvety rug, the courteous invitation to be seated, and Mr. Franklin's eyes of soft brown, had taken her by surprise. She looked up.

"Have you had any previous experience?"

"No, sir, but I'm willing to learn." Perhaps fate was kind of perhaps Mr. Franklin was not able to refuse Mazie's wistful, appealing gaze, but the position was open to her if she cared to accept. Cared to accept? Mazie took off her black straw sailor hat. "I'd like to start in right away," she announced.

And Mazie did learn very quickly. It did not take the switchboard operator very long to discover that when Mr. Franklin telephoned into the outer office for a stenographer, it was Mazie Sloan he meant. He seemed to like her neat, tidy appearance and her accurate, painstaking work. Of course, it was not because, as the girls in the outer office gossiped, he liked her personally; although when a single man of thirty exhibits a preference for a particular female assistant, the indications would seem to point that way.

But whatever favor Mazie found in her employer's eyes did not seem to affect her in any particular. She was learning to her surprise that the increased income did not necessarily carry with it surcease from work and that her position demanded an immaculate appearance unthought of in the factory. So the extra half hour of sleep in the morning went for a more elaborate toilet and the evening was devoted to the washtub over which she alternately scrubbed two white shirtwaists. But Mazie continued to dream of that Utopia where work was non-existent.

"Mr. Franklin wishes to give you some dictation," called the operator, as she pulled the plug out of the switchboard. With notebook and sharply pointed pencil in one hand, Mazie patted her hair into shape with the other and crossed the rug. Somehow she could not become accustomed to this cushiony softness.

Mr. Franklin fussed with his watch chain. "Just a short letter," he apologized. Mazie sat motionless, pencil poised ready to inscribe the mysterious line and curves which she alone could decipher.

"It's to—It's to—" he stammered. "It's to Miss Mazie Sloan." Mr. Franklin gulped. Mazie was surprised but gazed her eyes to her book.

"I beg to advise you," he began very quietly, "that some time ago I delivered to you my—heart. Will you kindly acknowledge receipt," he hurried on, "and let me know if it meets with your approval."

Mr. Franklin did not quite anticipate that his stenographer would get up and leave the room. But how was he to know that Mazie wanted to marry him—not because she loved him, but because his money could make her dreams come true? And how was he to know that she flew from him to avoid committing this insult to her ideal of honor? He thought he had frightened her into refusing him. That

is why later he was filled with surprised gladness as he read her answer.

"Dear Sir:—I beg to acknowledge receipt of your consignment and wish to advise it meets with my hearty approval. When do you wish payment made?"

The days flew by very quickly for Mazie. With funds supplied by her future husband, she prepared a dainty trousseau and never were her dreams so vivid as when she thought of her approaching marriage. Servants she would have, one for every finger. She'd eat her breakfast in bed. She wouldn't lift a pin from the floor.

It was an exquisite day in May. There was a song on her lips as Mazie entered Mr. Franklin's office. As she opened the door she saw first the ugly frown on his forehead.

"What is the matter?" she exclaimed quickly, coming to his side.

"I've invested heavily on Condon Silver and the market is very low. I shall lose everything and be drowned in debt."

Mazie recoiled. Down went the air-castles! Smash went the dream! For what did she need a penniless husband? Why should she marry poverty?

She ran from the room. She ran down the nine flights of steps. She ran through the streets. From sheer exhaustion she rested in the city park. What discouragement! What disappointment! What disillusion! Why had she been the one to suffer? Had she not been happier before luxury had seemed within her finger tips? Why had destiny been so cruel? Mazie sat and cross-questioned herself until cool shadows hid the sun below the horizon. As she arose from the bench, she noticed her ring. It was worth a large sum of money. It was hers and she did not have to return it. It would recompense her for her suffering.

She fingered the stone dejectedly. It sparkled so brilliantly. Mazie rubbed her eyes. Was she awake? For the lustre of the diamond seemed to reflect the features of her employer. She had not thought of him before. He had not come into her mind until then. "Drowned in debt," echoed in her ears. Why was she not trying to save him, then? Why was she not by his side helping him to buck the current?

In a flash it came to her. "I don't want him because I need him. I don't want him because he needs me. I want him because I love him." She said it out loud and the policeman walking his beat smiled as he caught the end of her words.

Mazie ran at full speed back to the office. She closed her eyes as she turned the knob. She had not the courage to face him and confess. She pushed the door open with her foot and burst in upon him with arms extended to feel the way her eyes, tightly shut, denied her.

"I've come back," she cried out. "I've come back because I love you. I don't want your money. I don't care if you're poor. Just let me help you." He took her into his arms. "How I longed to hear that, Mazie dear. But it's all right now—the market's gone up. You're safe."

"Safe because I love you," she answered.

## Evening Chat

Mrs. DeBolt yesterday, in her talk at the Miller school, said that instead of the three R's meaning Reading, Riting and 'Rithmetic, we had today as well, these R's meaning Relief, Rescue and Restoration in connection with the Red Cross work.

Judging from the number of intelligent looking new teachers at Institute this week, there will be no slack work done this year in Marion county and other counties. Many parents in discussing the school problem as it came to them through hearsay have worried over the idea that perhaps our children were to be deprived of good teachers on account of a lack of funds; due to many at the front and many others deserting the school job for the office one. It is true that many of the teachers attending institute this year are young and that many of the older ones have fitted into other corners of the world's doings; but this need not be a cause for worry, if we may judge from appearances and wide-awake-ness. Youth is not always a handicap, however older folks may feel about it. Experience does prepare the teacher, but after all, the new way of looking at things together with the fresh enthusiasm and the charming willingness to learn at every stage of the game, becomes a great aid to the teacher who has not taught long enough to become set in her ways. Setness of ways is a bad thing—not only for the teacher, but for everybody.

What do you know about gardens this late in the game? I heard of a young lady today who had a garden for the first time this year and who spent a whole half day hoeing weeds mistaking them for beets. Much has been learned about gardens this year. For one thing—don't plant them all at once that your small family becomes overrun with vegetables they can't possibly eat and which won't sell for enough to pay for carrying to the store. There are also a number of things which don't can well with considerable experience. It pays to remember that a family of two can't possibly get the good necessary out of a garden several times too big for them, however partitote they may be. I know such a family, the woman almost an invalid and the man very busy from early morning till late at night. He hasn't a moment to devote to gardening and most of it was hired done. Neither of these two people have particularly healthy appetites, but out of great patriotism they managed to get planted in their rather large backyard, all manner of vegetables. In talking the matter over with them recently, we all three discovered that much more could have been done for America had these two people spent their garden money for shift stamps and bought the little produce they use, even at high prices. About the finest quality

## CONFESSIONS OF A WAR BRIDE

NINTH CHAPTER

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Drafted Men Marching to War Make Women Cold and Shivery.

Jim Jr., saluted Dr. Certis in his snappiest way, and Carl, after his low and flattering bow to me, grasped Jim's hand with firm conviction. "He honestly likes Jim Jr.—everybody does—but I do not think Jim likes 'Tony Curt' very well."

"You look very proud of your sister brother, Mrs. Lorimer," said Dr. Certis, "and—why not?"

He looked Jimmie up and down with a professional eye as if he had discovered a new and interesting military specimen.

"The U. S. army training does for men in a few months more than college athletics ever did for them in four years," he remarked. "If your country ever raises 5,000,000 men like Jim—"

"Don't say IF, Doctor. Our country is raising them—and here comes 300 more of them, headed straight for Berlin."

Down the street came marching a company of drafted men on their way to the depot. Rich and poor, they all looked alike, because, according to government instruction, most of them wore their old clothes, garments which would not have to be sent back from camp.

Crowds preceded and followed them, and marched beside them on the sidewalks, and hung out of windows and over fences. Greetings flew back and forth.

In the first rank I saw Tommy, the boy who had brought our groceries for two years. Tommy looked sober.

In all this world is good judgment. The surest and shortest road to success lies along this narrow pathway. These two folks might have saved a great deal, could they have realized without the expense of learning by experience, that in their exceptional case they could conscientiously be excused from gardening.

Is anybody using karo syrup for sweetening coffee? It's great sport! Is anybody signing up for sugar for canning and then not canning? When the stores say they have very little sugar, are you rushing about all over town on the hunt for a stray pound or two—piling it all up in the cupboard for the day you so dread—the utterly sugarless day? If you are, you are not quite like a woman who said yesterday: "If there is a scarcity of sugar in the city, I shan't attempt to get more than one pound instead of my two. In that manner I will leave the other pound for someone else."

I heard a woman say not long ago: "Well, I have never been a moment without sugar yet!" She's missing lots of fun. A family I know claim they have the most good times imaginable out of dividing up the grains of sugar in a nearly empty sugar bowl which by mutual consent they have decided may only be filled just so many times in a certain number of days.

At the reports this summer various methods of being careful of sugar revealed. Near Fairmont one small hotel put all guests on honor. The sugar bowl remained on the table up to last week. No tea was served unless without sugar, for food requires such a quantity for many. One of the boarders asked if he might have some rice in a small dish, using cream and sugar over it instead of using the rice as a vegetable as was intended that day. Those at the same table looked horrified. As a reply to his question came this: "Do just as you like, Mr. —; it becomes a question of whether we use it on this side or send it over to our boys." The rice was not placed in the sauce; it was later some of the guests argued that as the young man took no sugar in his coffee, he was entitled to using it on his rice instead if he so desired. So many little stories like this show the trend of people's thoughts these days. Nearly everybody wants to do what is right. Only occasionally do we find one who persists in being selfish.

## WINFIELD.

Those who attended the party Saturday evening last at D. C. Baker's were Misses Belle and Mary Hall, Mrs. Ethel Morley, Leona Mundell, Gertrude Criss, Goldie Robie, Blanch and Lola Baker, Olive and Margaret Morgan, Virgie and Madie Morley, Oval Tatterson, Mary Frye, Mrs. Clint McElfresh, Amy Satterfield, Acie and Halle Nuzum, Edna Swisher, Wilma and Opal Hawkins, Nellie Morley, Mary Swiger, Marjorie and Ruby Ross, Maudie Mundell, Rose Layman, Mr. T. A. Hall, John Mundell, Lesley Satterfield, Harry Tatterson, Bert and Clyde Mundell, Clint McElfresh, Lee Heck, Jack and Clint Carpenter, Fay and Wayne Moran, Rollie Hawkins, Junior Swiger, Mike Satterfield, Lloyd McDougal, Oregon Baker, Forest McKinney, Coy Moore, Arden Jones, Lee Linn, Burdette Hawkins, Kelly Moran. All reported a good time.

Mr. and Mrs. William Tatterson and family were calling on Arthur Layman Saturday evening last. Misses Goldie Robie and Gertrude Criss were calling on N. C. Hawkins Saturday night and Sunday.

Easiest way to do without wheat, says Bobby.

**POST TOASTIES**  
(CRISP CORN FLAKES)

so I picked a huge red hibiscus and tossed it to him. He snatched it up and waved it at our group.

"Atta boy," yelled Jimmie, and the needed grin broke on Tommy's round face.

Near him was Jackson, the real estate man who rented my dear little furnished house when Bob went away. There were 15 men from our neighborhood, but I knew only two or three—Alexander Brown, one of the Lorimer Chemical Company's cashiers—and Henry Rose. Henry had married to keep out of the draft. But Ena, his wife, wouldn't give up the \$12 a week she was earning as a clerk, although Henry had \$4 an hour as a plumber. Of course, she couldn't make a dependency claim, and Henry had to go.

Two young girls stood by our gate as the draftees marched along. They had too much rouge on their cheeks and too much powder on their noses, and their skirts were inches too short. They wear of the kind who overdress not because they are bad, but because their mothers never taught them any better.

Said one to the other, as they watched the rookies, "It makes me shiver!"

"You've said it," her comrade replied. "You've said it," said I to myself, "for every loyal girl and wife and mother in the land."

Unless the sight of a soldier makes a woman solemn and cold and shivery, she does not feel the touch of the finger of war.

## LETTER LIST

List of unclaimed letters remaining in the Fairmont, West Virginia, post office for the week ending August 24, 1918.

Ashley Brothers, Magee, Mrs. Blanch  
Abbott, Anna Mathews, Peter  
Arnold, Clyde Matthews, Ezra  
Buckingham, L. S. Midsbury, Olask  
Meyers, Elmer  
Brumage, James W. Merritt, Frank  
Brooks, Lillie McDonald, Rev. Jno  
Brygher, Leno Moore, C. E.  
Brinkerhoff, Mr. Mullins, A. J.  
Beckman, Vera Merrifield, Bessie  
Brown, W. C. Matthews, Robert  
Beatty, Ora Martin, Inez  
Brand, Isabell Mydnyern, Oleksa  
Beck, M. F. Nixson, August  
Leck, Mrs. M. Newell, Ida  
Bonotto, Giuseppe Purpura, Mariano  
Brooke, A. I. Petrone, Santo  
Brooks, Maggie Payne, W. T.  
Bland, C. L. Pt. Marion Fuel Co.  
Conlan, L. J. Paradiso, Gullia  
Cavello, Laveria Childers, Bessie  
Campbell, Carl Castollucci, Nicola  
Derrita, Nicola Duffield, W. B.  
Dudek, Walter Paradiso, Dorne  
Duncan, C. H. Pallotto, Nicola  
Dawson, J. W. Perez, Manuel C.  
Everly, Grover Pugh, George  
Franco, Gini Rusey, Wm.  
Francies, James Reynolds, Mrs. B. C.  
Fields, Andrew Robertson, J. F.  
Fox, David Rownd, J. S.  
Friedman, J. Generoso, Giuseppe  
Gavabouski, Frank Rock, Mrs. Wm.  
Guiseppi, Frances Redmond, Mary  
Guiseppi, Frances Rogers, Andy  
Guiseppi, Frances Rupe, Francesco  
Guiseppi, Frances Ray, James B.  
Guiseppi, Frances Smith, G.  
Grayen, C. N. Shanes, J. A.  
Gpolito, Greco Smith, S. Bert (2)  
Glover, James Smith, A. S.  
Galloway, Wm. Scott, B. A. (2)  
Granada, Francesco Satterfield, A. H.  
Hedges, Edna Scheel, Jacob  
Hamilton, Desiee N. Schafer, John  
Haag, F. F. Smith, George  
Hamilton, John Smith & Jackson  
Heple, Mrs. E. M. Smith, Gilbert  
Hart, E. Shackerford, Elza  
Hidderman, W. Stevens, Ed F.  
Haugh, Mrs. Frank Straight, Clarence  
Hall, C. M. Shelly, Rosa  
Harrin, H. L. Sinder, Robert  
Jenkins, Icy Scott, Brant  
Jones, Grace Stealey, Della  
Janro, Carmela Thompson, Mrs.  
Johnson, Frances Mary S.  
Jones, Frances Thompson, Mrs. W.  
Jones, Mrs. Frank Twigg, Ethel  
Kins, Roy J. Wynn, Mrs. Christine  
Kisby, Effie Kiger, Miss May  
Kiger, Miss May Lemasters, George  
Lemasters, George Lane, W. R.  
Laverio, Rameo Wright, George  
Lemasters, Claud Withers, Joe  
Liguano, Alla Witherspoon, Joe  
Lalvalio, Corssello Washington, Mrs.  
Lavi, Guiseppi Florence  
Lemasters, Vergio Watkins, Mrs. Geo.  
McDonnell, J. F. Wicks, Cisco  
Mooney, T. T. Watkins, Harry E.  
Moyers, Mrs. Sadie Watson, E. I.  
Miller, Nello Wilson, Steve  
McGuckin, Mrs. E. A. Wilson, Mrs. Oshie  
Morris, Mrs. L. W.

In calling for the above letters please state that they were advertised in the papers and give date of list.

## ALL NERVOUS WOMEN

May Benefit by the Remedy Mrs. Little Recommends for Nervousness.

Whitman, Mass.—"I suffered from a nervous, rundown condition and loss of strength so it was hard for me to get around and do my work. After other medicines had failed to help me Vinol restored my health and strength and I heartily recommend it to any one suffering from a nervous, run-down condition."—Mrs. R. M. Little.

There is no secret about Vinol. It owes its success to beef and cod liver oil, iron and manganese peptonates and glycerophosphates, the oldest and most famous body building tonics. We strongly recommend it. Crane's Drug Store, Fairmont, Prescription Pharmacy, Mannington and Druggists everywhere.

## New Fall Fashions Notably Smart

Be it in suit or coat, Miss Manhattan greets the Autumn with an assured air of being in the very latest style.

For war work, business or social duties New York chooses garments like these—well made of good materials and delightfully youthful.

The latest arrivals in Miss Manhattan modes are now on display in our Coat and Suit Department. Be sure to ask for them.



Duvet de Laine of a very fine quality is used for this suit. The coat is lined throughout with fancy silk and warmly interlined. The large convertible collar of Nultra fur is very smart, as are also the stylish belt with buckle and bow-effect back.

**Osgood's for Quality**



A fancy mixture fabric is used for this coat, which is lined to the waist with durable satin and heavily interlined. Buttons trim the large convertible collar and the smart pockets. An inverted plait down the center adds character to the back.

## CONFESSIONS OF A WIFE

### NORWOOD

"Beautifully reasoned out, Margie, my dear, but let me tell you something," said Mollie, "this very minute you are on the point of refusing to marry Barclay Sill because when he proposed to you, you did not feel the thrill of what you expected and all this grand sermon on comradeship in marriage that you have just been giving me is to bolster up your position."

"I'll tell you, Margie, as long as girls are taught as they are, they will look for the thrill of love and feel themselves cheated if Fate makes them marry a 'fine' man for companionship, etc., etc."

"You are taking a good deal of pleasure, Margie, just now in the attentions of Barclay Sill and you, selfish little woman that you are—are a bit perturbed because he has forced the issue. You would like to have kept him dangling a while longer."

"Mollie, the way you are talking to me now seems much like the way I used to talk to you when Dick and I were first married. I wonder if you think I am now as frivolous as I thought you were then?"

"Of course I do, Margie. Every woman likes to frivol once in a while. You never posed as a saint on a pedestal and I knew that only woman would be quite flattered to have two such men as Barclay Sill and Jim Edie making love to her."

"I felt the blood rise to my face. 'Jim Edie making love! What do you mean, Mollie?'"

"Don't play the innocent, my dear; you know that dear old Jim has been in love with you all his life."

"What about his proposing to you, Mollie?"

"Oh, he did that just as a flier into the matrimonial market. He took a chance and if I had accepted him, he would have been very unhappy and I very jealous. There has only been one woman in Jim Edie's life, Margie, and that has been you."

"But he did not know me until after I was married to his best friend."

"That is the tragedy of it. And he could live all through the trying years and still be loyal to his friend while loving his friend's wife makes Jim

Edie one of the biggest and bravest men I know."

"He has never by word, deed, or look made me think that he cares for me any more than he does for you, and I cannot understand, Mollie, why you are so sure of this."

"My heart was beating like a triphammer, little book, and I remember I had a feeling of surprise that it should be so. Surely, after all these years I was not going to fall in love with old Jim, like a girl in her teens."

"I did not come here to talk your affairs," said Mollie. "I came to ask you to come over to our home a little while tonight."

"Has Chad at last consented to see his friends?"

"Yes, and I am so glad. Chad is already beginning to plan how he will educate his son. And now, Margie, I'm going to say something that will perhaps surprise you, but it will further illustrate what you are always saying on the 'whatever is, is right' question."

"You know Chad has needed a great big interest—an absorbing plan, to work out in life. His son's very affliction makes that a life-long work for him. If his child were normal, I do not think even he would have held the vagrant fancy of his father long."

female ill.

Acy Earl Anderson, daughter of Jim Anderson, died Monday evening, aged nine months.

Miss Amy Devant is visiting at her sister's this week.

Little Miss Helen Stansbury is visiting her sister, Mrs. Maud Devant.

Mr. and Mrs. Dent West were visiting at J. J. West's Saturday and Sunday.

Miss Hattie Wall is visiting at her brother's, Willie Hawkins.

Mr. and Mrs. Eddie Satterfield were shopping in Fairmont Tuesday.

Root and Herb Medicines

## ROOT AND HERB MEDICINES

Indian medicine men contend that the roots and herbs of the field furnish a panacea for every ill to which human flesh is heir. Be that as it may, it is interesting to note that the most successful remedy in the world for female ills, Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, was compounded more than forty years ago by Mrs. Lydia E. Pinkham of Lynn, Mass., from the roots and herbs of the field, and today it is recognized from shore to shore as the standard remedy for female ills.

We cordially invite your attendance

at the

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